

THE NEWBERRY OF THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST

LETTER FROM FORMER NEWBERRIAN NOW LIVING IN TEXAS.

Good Men of the Olden Days—A Great Unfounded Panic—Families of the Dutch Fork Huddled on Little Mountain.

Woodville, Texas

Oh! there are voices of the past, Links of a broken chain, Wings that can bear me back to times Which cannot come again. Yea, God forbid that I should lose The echoes that remain. Where is the heart that doth not keep Within its inmost core, Some fond remembrance deep Of days that are no more?

I closed my last at Phil Schopert's sign. On next block east lived Widow Precious Shell, son and daughter, all gone. On the northeast corner was the home of Mrs. Annie O'Neali and her daughter, Miss Sarah. They were Friends, called by outsiders Quakers. Geo. Fox, the founder of the sect, on trial before the English Justice, exhorted them to tremble at the word of God; one of the justices scoffingly called them Quakers. At one time there were many of them in Newberry; now all gone; but doubtless many of their descendants remain. They were a splendid people; they had a spiritual form of Christianity; by prayer and meditation they sought the inspiration of a divine light. In public worship they waited on God until the spirit moves them. One of their characteristics was simplicity in language and dress. There is nothing more attractive than a young Quaker lady, in the lovely bloom and springtime of young womanhood, in her neat and plain Quaker dress, looking so mild and gentle, so pure and beautiful. Mrs. O'Neali and Miss Sallie had hearts of unflinching gentleness and kindness. Whenever the little fellows went about them they always gave them cakes and cheery words. We called the cakes "ginger bread," and the boys nicknamed Mrs. O'Neali's grandson, John Caldwell, "Gunger" after the cakes.

Adam Summer, a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, in his description of the last Quaker meeting, in the Annals, pays a loving tribute to the Friends, in which he says: "We overtook the good old father Hugh O'Neali mounted on his drab-colored pony, looking like old mortality striving to defy time. Whosoever looked on that good man loved him. With a cheerful word and a heart illumining smile for all, he was the practical example of purity and elevated virtue." Judge O'Neali, in the Annals, gives a splendid tribute to his father and the Quakers. On meeting that loveable old man I almost involuntarily raised my hat. It is good for the young to read these loving tributes.

Passing on we come to the block east of the Methodist Episcopal church, on the southwest corners is the little red schoolhouse wherein—

"The village master taught his little school."

On the northwest corner is a two story house, where afterwards lived Richard C. Chapman, a man most thoroughly honest and true in thought and act. He was excusable for getting full of the "O, be joyful" on Hampton's election, for joy was over all the land and he did not play a "lone hand." This good man

"Has reached the shore Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."

On the same block my recollection is that Silas L. Heller once lived; he was of the profession of which Burns wrote, "who knew the ancient and mysterious science of confounding right and wrong, 'I. e.

a lawyer. He was a remarkably fluent and eloquent speaker; was a learned scholar and fine teacher. Kerr DeWalt, late of Texas, went to school to him near Prosperity, and often spoke to me of him as a kindly man and splendid teacher. My wife went to school to him and says the girls were fond of him for his leniency. A good man fell by the way. His race to eminence was blocked by that old tyrant, John Barleycorn, who has obstructed so many brilliant and promising young men. His wife was Miss Lorick, a very pleasant little woman. Afterwards in the same home lived Mrs. Mary Graham, a lady of unflinching gentleness and kindness, with a vigorous intellect. She was the daughter of Wm. Fair. She had two sons, William, a graduate of West Point, and DeWitt, a physician—men of splendid intellect—and two daughters, Mrs. Jno. W. Summer, a gentle and handsome woman; these three are gone, where "Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."

The other, Mrs. Laura Ewart, a schoolmate of my wife's, still survives; she was a beautiful, graceful girl, with a temperament of sunny sweetness.

On the next block east lived a most interesting family, to wit: John S. Carwile's, of whom Newberry was always proud. Mr. Carwile had a face of resolute power. Whenever I looked at him or his photographs I involuntarily thought of Gen. Washington. I first knew him as sheriff and looked with veneration on him.

There are two classes of men. One, when they think at all, talk and think solely of their rights. The second think and talk chiefly of their duties. To this last class Mr. Carwile belonged, and his ideal was duty; his was a noble and pure soul. The sketch of him by his son John in his reminiscences is good reading for the young. His good wife, Elizabeth, was the perfection of neatness, cheeriness and simplicity. They raised a very interesting family. Zack was a fine looking, good business man. John B. had a fair stock of natural ability, a sound, mental and moral nature and an earnest purpose to live purely and righteously. Richard C., who died in the Mexican war, was of a cheery disposition; was good, brave and sensible and a great favorite. Mrs. Mary Griffin was a handsome, sprightly young lady, and Mrs. Hillary Gary was elegant and dignified. Miss Bettie was a cultivated, gifted girl, was organist and led the choir in the Baptist church; her strong flute-like voice rolled melodiously through the congregation. Mrs. Caroline, I think, was the pet of the family and was bright and vivacious.

On the next block was the home of Robt. Stewart, his good wife, Eliza, and their fine looking family; all have crossed the river save one, a comely and splendid woman, now Mrs. Sue Turnipseed, of whom my sisters were quite fond. Mr. Stewart was a man of probity, straightforward and just in all his dealings, a man of excellent judgment and a leading merchant. In the semi-obscure of his store he kept all kinds of goods, and he was famous for always keeping the best. He had a slight hitch in his walk, but was a man of good appearance. Town ball was often played on the public square; the batters stood near his store and he was the best one. He often knocked the ball across the square and over the offices on the north side; we little urchins took delight in running the bases for the batters. John W. who died in the Mexican war was quite a young man and a favorite among the girls. Miss Sally was a lovely little girl. James married a Miss Davenport and died young. His widow married Dr. McIver, whom I knew in

NOVEMBER A RECORD BREAKER.

SALES INCREASED THREE THOUSAND OVER 1902. NOT ALL AT ONCE, BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE.

A New Business Lesson learned with each sunset—growing all the time. We don't take all the credit to ourselves, we give due credit to the public that has so liberally and thoroughly shown their appreciation of our efforts. The people shop here with ease. Nine cases out of ten when our prices are met the quality is inferior or it is done for effect, "you can bet your bottom dollar". I am ahead and going to stay there—so far ahead that none can catch me. If you are a stranger in Newberry and don't know where Mimnaugh's is, all you have to do is follow the crowds.

Silks and Dress Goods Section.

TABLE NO. 1—Tomorrow, Wednesday morning, December 1st, every yard of Colored Dress door, your choice for only 38c the yard.

TABLE NO. 2—About seventy or eighty pieces of Colored Dress Goods piled on a big table, as they last for 19c. Every yard of Ladies' Broadcloth in the house at slap cost. The opportunity is yours grasp it. 50 pieces Tricot Flannel worth 25c and 30c the yard, as long as they last for only 20c the yard. 36 in. Black Taffeta, wont split, worth \$1.25, Mimnaugh's price 98c.

A Big Outing Sale.

100 pcs New Outing worth in every store in Newberry 10c and most stores 12c, piled on a big center table as long as they last for only 8c. 50 pcs. Orleans Cheviots worth 10c the yard, as long as they last for only 8c. 25 pcs. Jeans slightly soiled worth 25c the yard, as long as the last for only 18c.

25 pcs. Red Twilled Flannel worth 25c, as long as it lasts for only 9c the yard.

100 more of those Large Bed Spreads worth \$1.50, as long as they last for only 98c.

100 White Bed Spreads worth 85c, as long as they the last for only 58c.

MIMNAUGH Doing The Wrap Business.

I BELIEVE I have sold more Jackets this season than all the stores in Newberry combined. We place on sale one hundred more new Jackets, all the correct cut and every Wrap a bargain. 100 Fine Furs this week to go at Cut Prices.

Shoes by the Car Load.

TOMORROW Wednesday morning, we start the biggest Cut Price Shoe Sale ever held in the town. We have entirely too many Shoes, and in order to reduce the stock you can buy any pair of Shoes in the house without a penny's profit. What's one man's loss is the other fellow's gain. The sale lasts one week so you had better be on hand.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Every Hat in the Millinery Department must be sold in the next three weeks. If you want a Hat or Bonnet for a little money now is your chance.

100 Fine Trimmed Hats this week, worth \$1.75, for this sale 98c.

100 Fine Trimmed Hats this week, worth \$2.25, for this sale \$1.25.

100 Fine Trimmed Hats this week, worth \$3.00, for this sale \$1.89.

50 Fine Trimmed Hats this week, worth \$4.00, for this sale \$2.98.

25 Fine Trimmed Hats this week, worth \$5.00, for this sale \$3.49.

300 Ladies' Street Hats this week for only 10c each.

A BIG LINE OF BABY CAPS AT HALF PRICE.

Blankets and Comforts.

Every pair of Blankets and Comforts to go at Cut Prices this week. Now is your chance to buy goods for a little money.

The Big Stock Must be Turned into Money, Let it Bring What it May.

MIMNAUGH'S,

Wholesale and Retail.

the army. Many years ago, passing through our town they called on us and wife said she was a remarkably handsome lady.

A GREAT UNFOUNDED PANIC.

During the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, a false alarm came, that thousands of Abolitionists were coming through Maryland down on Virginia, murdering all the whites. The people put their families in cellars and crowded the churches with women and children, screaming and crying. In 1833, I think it was, a slightly similar great unfounded panic occurred in Newberry, (I recollect it well). A report came to the village that a great body of negroes in the neighborhood of where Jalapa now is, were in insurrection, murdering women and children and moving on to the

village to burn it and murder the whites. The women and children alarmed, took refuge in the court house and Fernandes hotel and the men armed themselves. Col. Spencer Harrington, a good and useful man, with a few others, advanced like skirmishes, in the direction of Jalapa, and finding nothing of it, the panic subsided. As I remember it was a very excited time. That intelligent and enterprising citizen, Wms. Welch, who lived not far from the village, said, the news reached him just before dinner time, and Mrs. Welch at once took her two children and went to her mother's; the negroes were badly frightened, and followed after them. One little darkey armed himself with a pitch fork (he was the original Tillmanite) to fight the insur-

rectionists. On returning home the next day they found their dinner of the previous day burned to a cinder.

In the Dutch Fork families huddled together and took refuge on Little Mountain and, although it was a cold night, to avoid discovery no fires were allowed. That influential man, Robert Maffet (the father of Mid Bates and Drayt, splendid young men, and Miss Caroline, a handsome sprightly girl, with all of whom I went to school) related that Capt. Matthew Hall, a jolly good fellow, told him "that if it had not been for a big dog he had with him he would have frozen; that he hugged the dog up closely and thus kept thawed. At night no one dared to whisper; that Matthew thought he heard a stick crack down on the mountain side and fearing his dog might bark, he grabbed it by the throat, and after